



# The Chest

magic

mystery

👁️ 19 ✓ 0 ★ 1

## Chapter 1 by wordsarewind

A single breath of the stalest air, torn out by the vicious coughs that follow. In that air there are the ashes of a generation, a world that has gained nothing and lost everything. A world, within a chest, whose sole inhabitant its atmosphere does not support. Another breath, more coughs. The child's gasping eventually falters, and silence returns, replacing the sudden commotion.

In the child's mind there is turmoil: a struggle between the confusion of awakened senses and a powerful inertia. It is this inertia that even now keeps its eyes closed, eyes that have not seen for untold years. "Where am I?" thinks the child, and the inertia lifts - its absence the catalyst for immediate action. Eyes open, tangled limbs twisting into position. Still the child sees nothing. There is no light in this world.

The inside of the chest fills with the sound of hammering and strangled cries. The desperation of its prisoner increases as the chest remains: solid, unbroken, deaf to the cries of anguish and frustration. More noise, no escape. The child

rests now, its breaths coming as gasps again. Fear begins to take hold, sapping what little strength remains. "Where am I?" thinks the dying child. The air soon stills, the

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